THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Volume 6 AUGUST, 1932 *Number 10*

CONTENTS

		Page
MORAL GAIN FROM MATERIAL DISASTER	Sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick	449
PRAYER	by Harry Emerson Fosdick	453
THE LATCHSTRING		454
IT IS A DIFFERENT SUMMER	by George J. Heidt	458
THE FLEMISH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS		460
A SUMMER SCHEDULE IN AFRICA	by Catherine Mabie	463
INTERLUDES		464
THE SUMMER TOURIST—an Editorial		466

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE LIGHTED NAVE	448
NORTHWEST PINNACLE OF TOWER DAMAGED BY LIGHTNING	456
THE LIGHTED CHAPEL	457
THE MINISTERS ON VACATION	459
MEDALLIONS OF FLEMISH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS	461, 462

▽

Published monthly by the Committee on Publications of The Riverside Church.
(Issued the third week of the current month.)
Annual subscription, $2.00
Address all communications to THE CHURCH MONTHLY, 490 Riverside Drive, New York City.
Make checks payable to Harry P. Fish, Treasurer.
Copyrighted in the United States of America by The Riverside Church.

THE LIGHTED NAVE.

This unusual photograph was taken with the Nave lights fully on.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Volume 6 AUGUST, 1932 *Number 10*

Moral Gain From Material Disaster

by HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

OUR sermon starts with some of the most familiar words in the literature of the world. The Prodigal Son in the Master's parable gathered all his inheritance together, so the story runs, "and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want." That was the start of the young man's reformation: he began to be in want. It was then, when he was destitute and facing unemployment so bitter that he went into the fields to feed swine, that he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger!" It was when he suffered practical physical need that he came to himself and said, "I will arise and go to my father."

You see, behind this famous story of a renovated character lies this basic motive and occasion of his transformation: he began to be in want. If we had had the writing of that parable how differently we would have told the tale! We would have desired some more edifying motive than physical hunger to explain that young man's moral reformation. For example, friendship: that amid the carnal pleasures of the far country he met a friend from home and, lo! old memories were stirred in his wayward heart, wearied now with his sophisticated sin, so that he broke down in contrite shame and cried, I will go home again! Or religion: that he wandered into a synagogue on Sabbath day half tipsy from the previous night's debauch and with no thought in mind except to laugh at the old sanctities, but some word from the Scripture read or by the preacher spoken crashed through his spirit of frivolity and shook him to the core so that, ashamed and penitent, he said, I will arise and go home again.

You see the sort of thing that we might have done with this story if we had had the writing of it, making it soft and sentimental so that long since it would have been forgotten utterly. Not so Jesus. We commonly call him idealistic but back of that he was a realist. This prodigal whom he was describing was a hard one. He may have met friends from home but no memories evoked by them reformed him. He may have wandered into the synagogue to laugh but obviously he had not remained to pray. The one thing that turned this prodigal to better courses was poverty, hunger. His escapade had brought him to material destitution. Practically he could not get away with it. He began to be in want.

You see that I am thinking this morning not so much of ourselves as individuals but of our civilization as a whole and of our nation in particular. We, too, like that prodigal have had a great inheritance and in the last eighteen years we have wasted our substance in riotous living. In war and in war's bitter aftermath we have wasted our substance. In a socially unplanned, unregulated, individualistic economic life we have wasted our substance, and now we begin to be in want. I raise with you, therefore, this serious question: Is the rest of

this parable going to be true of us; shall reformation start here? Shall we who have so often resisted the guidance of our noblest spiritual traditions and our best moral ideals not be shaken by the practical destitution that has befallen us?

You see, it was that prodigal's last chance. If he, too tough of spirit to respond to finer motives, had proved unwilling to be shaken even by the hunger that fell upon him, that would have been the end of him.

Obviously we are dealing here with the ministry of pain. Among the most powerful teachers of our lives are the things that hurt. In more than one realm we resist the finer motives until we are hurt. In dealing with physical health how continually we pass unheeded the admonitions of our friends and the good counsel of our physicians until something hurts! Then we wake up. Then we know we have been foolish and reform our ways. So in the moral realm most of us resist the finer appeals until something hurts. In that regard we Christian preachers are generally much too idealistic. We love to range the loftier altitudes and deal with the finer motives: gratitude, the recognition of blessings conferred and the sense of moral obligation; love, the unselfish outpouring of life into life; sympathy, the compassionate understanding that puts ourselves into other selves and feels life as they feel it. These are the finest motives that play on human nature, but when we preachers deal with these alone how commonly we miss the prodigals! Gratitude, love, sympathy—in his early home these motives had played upon his tough and careless soul with no effect, until at last he began to be in want!

This fact that we resist finer motives until we are hurt is even more true of us as societies. You remember Milton's saying that "a commonwealth ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man." That is magnificent but it is not lived up to. Our national governments are not by and large one mighty stature of a Christian man. They do not respond much to Christian motives like gratitude or love or sympathy. They are moved mainly by the necessity of standing for their selfish national aims. In consequence nations habitually do things that a Christian man would never do. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, personally one of the kindest of men, would not put Mr. Gandhi personally in prison for his convictions, and undoubtedly personally he is most unhappy when he thinks of him there, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as premier of England must stand for the national policy that does put Mr. Gandhi in prison. We as individuals are not murderers and have no desire to kill anybody but as nations we keep ourselves armed to the teeth for that precise purpose and only fourteen years ago were counting up the casualties of a war—millions upon millions of men slain in battle. We as individuals have kindly friendships that overpass national and racial lines and many a Japanese or German is dearer to us than many an American, but as nations how we rally around our national policies—security in France, oriental expansion in Japan, the indispensable navy in Britain, or in the United States that tight and narrow interpretation of national sovereignty which keeps us even from going into the World Court!

A kind of selfishness of which as individuals we would be utterly ashamed we frankly acknowledge as the basis of our national policies. As another has put it, we pool our selfishness and when it is pooled in society and is no longer our individual selfishness but our nation's selfishness, then it often looks to us like unselfishness and we rally around it, are patriotic over it, and talk of living and dying on behalf of it.

When, then, a Christian preacher urges a nation in its national policies to respond to Christian motives—gratitude toward other nations, love for other nations, sympathy with other nations—he often sounds like an idealistic idiot, and probably he is. But, my friends, what if our way of running

the world has been not simply unideal but practically ruinous? What if because of it we begin to be in want? What if the consequence is that multitudes of men are hungry? Who is the idiot then if he urges us still to plunge on? Who is mad if he will not listen to the voice of world-wide destitution? So today I lift up the social significance of this ancient parable. When he began to be in want he came to himself and said, "I will arise and go to my father."

A sermon so begun is much too long for one man to preach upon a Sunday morning. Each one of you will have to expand it for himself and all I ask the privilege of doing is to blaze two or three trails along which I expect our thinking usefully may run.

For one thing, the saving element in that prodigal's situation was that he still retained the ability to criticize himself. When he began to be in want he did not curse his circumstance or blame ill luck. He knew that he had been making a fool of himself. That certainly is pertinent to our situation. This material disaster which we face is not bad luck; it is our bad management. Never have the gifts of nature been more bounteous. Never were the fruits of the field more plentiful. Never was more technical skill at man's disposal or so much scientific mastery of the forces of the universe. Not a single element in this disaster can be ascribed to what the insurance policies call an "act of God." Ours is impoverishment in the midst of plenty. Ours is the guilt. Nationally and economically we have made fools of ourselves.

This fact that what we face today is not bad luck but bad management is full of hope. If the disaster we face were the result of an impoverished earth, as it was in ancient days of famine, or if it were due to some colossal breakdown of scientific intelligence in dealing with the latent resources of the world, then we might be dismayed. But it is not bad luck; it is bad management. All the elements in this disaster are within human control. As Sir Arthur Salter puts it, they all spring "from essentially remediable evils and essentially removable causes." That fact is full of hope, but the hope depends upon our keeping the capacity of self-criticism.

Now, the capacity of self-criticism is hard to keep and easy to lose. Ask the psychologists how we dodge and evade and construct defense-mechanisms rather than face ourselves individually or socially with honest self-criticism! Yet is there anything so hopeless as a man who has lost the power of criticizing himself? An artist, a musician, a public speaker who no longer can criticize himself—hopeless! A character so absorbed in self-congratulatory egotism that he has lost the capacity to criticize himself—hopeless! A nation swept off its feet in emotional one hundred per cent patriotism until it cannot criticize itself—hopeless! To be sure, self-criticism can go to morbid lengths, and in old days when men were taught to think of themselves as worms that may have happened, but, as you know well, that is not our prevalent peril today. The very word "sin" is taboo and "penitence" is one of the most unpopular of attitudes. Very well, call it by a new name, then—the capacity to criticize yourself. When that departs excellence is gone from any realm.

Remember the Master's parable of the most ridiculous man he ever described: the man with the beam in his own eye trying to get a mote out of his brother's eye. You see, that man had lost the capacity to criticize himself. Well, if we have lost it, now is a good time to get it back. We begin to be in want because we fought a war in which we devastated the world, loaded on nations debts that never can be paid, constructed tariffs that kill the very trade on which recovery depends, run an unplanned, unregulated, selfish economic life utterly unfitted to this new era of machine production, harbor narrow concepts of national sovereignty such as keep the United States out of the World Court. I think that is one of the most disgraceful things in the international life of the last eighteen years. Chief Justice Hughes calls the World Court "the

most important of all undertakings for peace" and "the absolute minimum of intelligent effort for the promotion of world peace."

Four presidents of the United States and six secretaries of state have urged it on the Senate and still we will not go in. There is no nation on earth that serves the cause of peace with its mouth so much as the United States and yet we refuse the "absolute minimum of intelligent effort for the promotion of world peace."

Well, that is the first item in that prodigal's recovery. He began to be in want and he criticized himself.

In the second place, when he began to be in want he got a reverence for, a sense of sacredness in, the economic life. He always had been interested in the economic life. In his sordid way he had hankered after that inheritance, he had run his fingers eagerly through the money when he got it. He had thought of the economic life as a grab bag from which selfishly he snatched his pleasures, but never before had he thought of it as sacred. Now, however, when he began to be in want, when he went into the fields to feed swine, when he fain would have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat and no man gave unto him, he changed his tune. There is a note in that young man's voice that never had been there before when he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare!" Aye, for the first time he saw how beautiful and sacred a thing it is to have economic security in a home.

Is there anything that we need much more in our Western civilization than that change of tune? We are constantly accused of exalting the economic life. Upon the contrary, we have too largely degraded it. We have made it a mad rush for private profit. We have expended intellectual labor in making money for ourselves out of the capitalistic system instead of expending commensurate intellectual labor on solving the social problems which the capitalistic system has produced. We have made our economic life central—Yes! We have absorbed ourselves in it—Yes! But we have not felt the sacredness of it. A just economic life is the basic social service of the people. My friends, when economic security begins going out from under the families of a nation the foundations of the nation are crumbling.

You understand what I mean, then, when I say that economic life is sacred. Enough to eat for our sons and daughters—that is sacred. A chance at education for them—that is sacred. Enough economic security in our American homes so that a man does not fear his fiftieth birthday as our forefathers used to fear hell—that is sacred. Bread enough and to spare—that is the Master's own phrase for something sacred and we could have had it now if we really had believed that it was sacred and had made our economic life not a grab bag but a cooperative social service for all the people. Now is the time, when we are in want, to see the truth. Recently the governors of thirty-nine of our American states sent messages to Senator Bingham of Connecticut the substance of which was "No one is starving." No one starving? That is nonsense. What do you mean by starvation? Only the other day within the very shadow of this church tower we found a fine family with two half-starved children. There are all degrees of starvation, and sometimes one thinks it would be more merciful if some people could starve outright and be done with it instead of living half-starved as they are.

Listen to this from a school principal. "We were practicing for a chorus and a little boy about twelve years old was in the front line. He was clean in his overalls, but didn't have very much on under them. He was standing in the line when all at once he pitched forward in a dead faint. This was two o'clock in the afternoon. When he was revived, I tried to find the cause and he said he was hungry. He had not had anything to eat since the day before."

(*Continued on page* 459)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL Spirit, before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth or the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night.

God of our fathers, be the God of their succeeding race. In days of crisis and alarm Thou wast to them a citadel, a rock, a fortress. In days of bewilderment they trusted that Thou wouldst lead them in the paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake. Be unto us stability and guidance, for we have need of Thee.

We lift before Thee grateful memories of the leaders who in days of trial have been raised up by Thy Providence for this people. For the strength of their character, the wisdom of their minds, the unselfishness of their lives, we thank Thee. Let their remembrance fall now like a benediction upon this nation. Save us from garnishing their tombs and missing their spirit. Stir in us, by the illumination of the life they led, all that is noble and excellent in the heart of this people. Make us more worthy of the high trusteeship of power and opportunity which Thou hast committed unto us.

We lift before Thee the needs of this nation. Thou hast given us the responsibility of a great continent. Forgive us that we have not used it more worthily. That millions of our people are in need we do repent. That millions of our people who should have work lack it we do most earnestly repent. That laws which should protect the common man are perverted to his hurt and that cities which should be honestly governed are venally controlled we are sincerely penitent. O God, create in the heart of this people, we beseech Thee, a nobler spirit. Save us from putting money above manhood. Lift us out of the greed of private acquisitiveness into the generosity of public care. Elevate our citizenship to new levels of nobility and make us worthy of the men who in days past have led us well.

We lift before Thee our deep anxiety for the peace of the world. Beat back the madness of those who try by violence to get what violence never can achieve. Help us all to take upon our consciences both the guilt of war and the sacrificial service of peace. Grant, we pray Thee, that we may not in our day seek selfishly great things for ourselves but high things for civilization and mankind. Take our minds and make them useful to solve the problems of our social life. Take our practical devotion and dedicate it to the welfare of mankind.

O God, cross Thou the inner thresholds of our lives. How can we serve righteousness without if we lack it within? How can we be peacemakers for the world if we know not Thy peace that passeth all understanding, that the world cannot give and cannot take away? Deepen the wells from which we draw our strength. Widen the horizons in which we habitually live. Purify the interior spiritual companionships which occupy our imagination and direct our lives. Bring Thou encouragement for our dismay, faith instead of fear, high ambition instead of low meditations, and so occupy the minds of Thy people that Christ may dwell in us. Fill our spirits with Thy grace and baptize us with Thy vision that all this week ahead we may be steadier in our griefs, stronger in our temptations, more generous in our service.

In the spirit of Christ we pray. Amen.

The Latchstring

1977. August finds The Riverside Church with a membership of 1977. A cursory analysis of this church family discloses that we come from twenty-three different denominations. This is not a very considerable number of eccelesiastical groups when you consider into how many different church family groups Protestants in this country have been able to divide. Nevertheless, it does give a demonstration that it is possible for people from many church affiliations to live happily and we trust advantageously for the Kingdom of God under one church roof.

Applying another type of measuring stick to this list of people, it is disclosed that they are engaged in one hundred and eighteen different occupations. As we look the list over, we cannot discover any category of useful work to which one or more of our members is not putting his hand. It would appear that we ought to be pretty well taken care of as far as medical and surgical work is concerned for we have considerably more than a score of physicians in our list. Teachers, professors and students account for not less than two hundred and fifty of our membership. The legal profession is well represented, as is true also of banking, music and social service work.

▽

The Foreign Student Committee hears from abroad. A member of the Foreign Student Committee has made available the following quotations taken from letters recently received from students who were here last winter and have now gone home.

These two are from India:

"We shall always carry happy memories of our visit to your great country and shall not forget your share, which added greatly toward making our stay a happy one."

"We greatly appreciated all that you did for us in New York."

These paragraphs are from two friends who have returned to Czecho-Slovakia:

"I just want to tell you how much we have missed the kindness you have shown to us while we were in New York. We certainly remember you as one of the most heartening experiences in the United States. It is a pity we cannot show you in any way how much we appreciated your interest."

"Thank you ever so much for your letter. We were very much pleased to hear from you and to remember how nice you were to us during our stay in New York. If anything can help to bring us nearer to the goal of real international understanding and friendship, it is men and women who, like you, are able to bring people together and then through exchange of views make them feel their common ties."

This one is from Egypt:

"Neither of us can find words to express our thanks to you for all the kindness you have shown to us all the year round. Personally I have always been sorry that the extreme rush and the tremendous amount of work have prevented me from expressing our gratitude properly. The trouble in New York, and the U. S. A., on the whole, is that everybody, including foreigners, is discontented with a twenty-four hour day. They all need and want expansion in both time and space. As a result, friends meet and the most they can do is a hasty brief smile in passing."

And this from Ecuador:

"Thank you so much for your constant care of me. I shall always deeply appreciate it."

From South Africa:

"I hope to find time to write you later on, but wished to send you a word of farewell and of thanks for all you did for me in New York."

"We had a splendid crossing and that was a fine send-off from America after a most enjoyable year—thanks to the wonderful generosity and friendliness of you folks."

From Switzerland:

"Many warm thanks for your kind steamer letter. I do hope that you'll soon come over yourself."

Dr. Fosdick once said that he hoped we could find a way to keep the contacts and helpful service after the students go back. Certainly our continued correspondence with them helps.

▽

Dr. Fosdick and the Newspaper Columnists. Many of the sentiments which find expression in Dr. Fosdick's sermons are so terse and pithy as to capture the attention of newspaper writers over the country. It is most interesting to discover how widely quoted our pastor is in the current press. During the last few months the following paragraphs have been taken from various sermons and have been widely quoted and used in newspaper columns. The first one which we quote we have seen in sixty-seven different publications coming from thirty-one different states. The last paragraph we are quoting appeared in forty-one publications representing thirty-two different states.

"It is magnificent to grow old—if one keeps young."

"Extreme self-conceit is one of the most familiar roads to happiness there is."

"Being happy in this world is no lighthearted affair of chasing pleasure."

"Our lives do not depend upon our opinions half so much as our opinions depend upon our lives."

"We commonly think that we cannot act until we know, forgetting that we cannot know until we act."

"Any man who starts out to chase happiness will find it running away from him."

"The unhappy man is a betrayer of his fellows. He fills their skies with his smoke."

"Irreligion is a dreadful philosophy to grow old on."

"Sin is any conduct that makes it difficult to live life well."

"Any religion that does not help to keep people young has something deeply the matter with it."

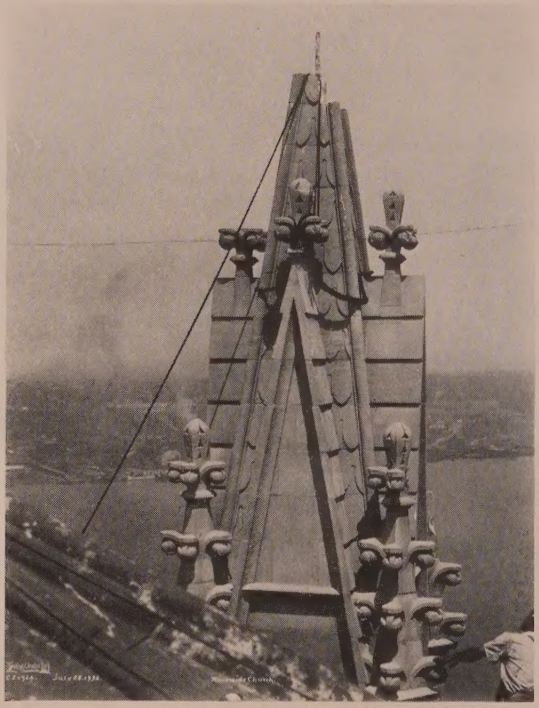
"It is unwise ever to give up a great thing because it is caricatured."

"No system of magic was ever more incredible than the proposition that an infinite number of physical particles, pushing around in space, fortuitously arrange themselves into planets, sunsets, mothers, music, poems, science and Christ."

"We will not defeat communism by denouncing it. We will defeat communism only by surmounting it with a similar devotion to our own social ideals of economic justice and public service."

"The plain fact is that the communists in Russia are more sacrificially in earnest about what they want than we are here about what we ought to want."

"In war we saw off the limb we are sitting on. We make utter and insane fools of ourselves, and in the end commit economic suicide."



NORTHWEST PINNACLE OF TOWER DAMAGED BY LIGHTNING ON JULY 27TH.

Lightning. Members and friends of The Riverside Church were shocked on a July day when they opened the New York paper and saw headlines announcing that the Riverside Church had been struck by lightning. Happily, however, the headlines were more shocking than the experience. Lightning found one of the topmost pinnacles of the tower of the church. The particular column which took the shock was that which tops the northwest corner of the tower. Apparently the lightning was attracted by the metal dowel in the very heart of the carved stone member which crowns the column. The principal damage it did was to knock off that one block of stone. Incidently this four or five hundred pound piece of Indiana limestone did some small damage on its way down to the street where it was splintered into hundreds of pieces. The falling member did come in contact with one of the gargoyles and beheaded him. The Indiana Limestone Company has furnished a duplicate, however, and neither the gargoyle nor other pieces that were broken off will be permanently missed.

At this writing repairs are being made and by the time our people are back in the city, it will be difficult for them to discover any marks of the experience. The lightning struck in the midst of a very heavy rainstorm which had driven the people off the streets and very largely affected the

automobile traffic. This was a fortunate circumstance and due to that fact there was no one hurt by the falling stone.

Marc Eidlitz Company, the builders of the church, are taking care of this particular damage in the same competent and expeditious manner in which they repaired the infinitely greater damage which the building suffered by fire in 1928.

Our sense of security is helped just a bit by the fact that at least three other church buildings in the metropolitan area were struck by lightning during the same storm. We hope the other churches did not suffer any more than we did, but we are frank to confess that we are glad to have them share our vicissitudes; at least we don't want to be the only church tower in which lightning is interested.

▽

Photographing lighted rooms. We are publishing two photographs in this issue of the Monthly which were made by the Nela Park Engineering Department of the General Electric Company. Their specialty is the manufacture of electric lights. They were interested to get pictures of the church and the chapel with all the lights in operation. Anyone who has had any experience with amateur photography will sense at once the difficulty of getting a satisfactory result with lighting coming from so many different angles and will appreciate particularly the success of the General Electric Company's photographers as indicated in the pictures published here this month.

THE LIGHTED CHAPEL.

It Is A Different Summer

By George J. Heidt

IN many ways this summer is different from other summers in the new building. Previously, we were completing building operations and perfecting our furnishings. This summer we are renovating and making slight repairs. The building is now finished except for a very few minor items which are still in progress, and all these items will be out of the way before October. That will be a welcome bit of news to those planning the program. No longer will it be necessary to consider workmen in making out the weekly schedule of activities, because there will be no further conflicts on this score. The building itself is showing abundant signs of use, but also shows that despite the large number using the equipment, there are no unusual signs of wear and tear.

The summer services have functioned smoothly. The technique which the ushers have worked out in the last two years for handling the Sunday morning congregations worked to perfection during the summer school. Those six Sundays brought us capacity audiences despite the fall-off of thousands in summer school registrations. Two overflow rooms have been pressed into service each Sunday.

The services themselves were different. For one thing, there was *no chorus choir*. A group of volunteers sat in the choir seats and led acceptably the singing of the hymns. The solos and anthems by the quartet filled splendidly the gap made by the loss of the regular Chorus Choir. Several of the sermons were available in printed form directly after the service. The large sale of these sermons attested to the great impression made by Dr. Fosdick on those who attended the services.

The sight-seeing service is different, too. With the completion of the Carillon we were able to open the observation platform at the top of the church. The general public now obtains a thirty-mile view of New York and vicinity and has a chance to see at close range the largest Carillon in the world. The bells have been a source of unique interest and raised innumerable questions. A tour of the church with an explanation of its architecture and symbolism has also been added. The Tower has been open on Sunday afternoons to accommodate visitors who were unable to get to the church at any other time. This was made possible by the fact that there were no activities in the church in the afternoon and no afternoon service. The number of sightseers at the church is below that of last year, due probably to the depression. New York hotel managers say that there are only half the usual number of visitors in New York this summer. Even at that, five thousand visitors weekly have come through our doors. We have had many repeat-visitors, some of whom say they will always include The Riverside Church in any visit they make to the city. Others come again to bring friends, or to see some features they were unable to see previously.

The Pew Committee announces that there will be no change in the seating arrangements for the fall. That certainly makes this a different summer. The last three years have meant intensive work on the membership list each summer, making re-assignments in accordance with the various new schemes used. This year, however, it will be necessary only to make out new cards of identification but on the same assigned basis as last year. How much the acceptance of the seating arrangements have meant to the Pew Committee, the Board of Ushers and the officers of the church is difficult to state adequately. It is one less problem to deal with in the future. New cards will be mailed to members of the congregation about September 20th.

THE MINISTERS ON VACATION.

We regret that we have no picture of Mr. and Mrs. Hellstrom available for publication in this issue. Mr. Hellstrom expresses his regret at not having provided us with one but wants us to remind his friends that his summer address is Lakeside, Connecticut, on Bantam Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. Fosdick at their home on Mouse Island, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

Dr. and Mrs. Carder at Greensboro, Vermont.

Moral Gain from Material Disaster

(*Continued from page* 452)

My friends, that is going on all around us. The situation is so critical in this city that nothing except extensive government aid can possibly save us from having stark starvation walk our streets this next summer. We begin to be in want. You see, a fair economic system is the basic social service of the people. With it we should need little charity. Without it charity does little good. It is work and justice the people want, not charity.

Upon you men and women in business there rests today a responsibility for leadership such as seldom has rested on any class of men and women in the world's history. At one extreme is communism, where social planning has been carried to such a length that liberty and democracy are crushed; at the other extreme is chaos—that is where we are now. Surely, as men like Mr. Swope are telling us, there must be somewhere between those two extremes a way of social planning in industry that will save the priceless gains of liberty and democracy and will in this plenteous land with all our technical skill still give to our families bread enough and to spare. To discover that way, therefore, is a necessity more urgent than the winning of a war.

Last of all, note that when that young prodigal came to himself he decided that there were some old things that he had run

away from that were worth returning to. It took courage for him to see that and to start home. He had thought that he was courageous in the first place when he gathered his inheritance together and stepped out for the far country. He would be no stick-in-the-mud like his elder brother, so he must have said. He was an adventurer starting for far, strange lands, and he had his courage with him. But when he began to be in want, when he decided that there were some old things he had run away from worth returning to, when he arose and started home again, that took more courage. Strangely enough, today the virtue of courageousness is popularly associated with prodigal living. Do not be a weak slave of code and custom—so the common parlance runs. Do not be an unadventurous moron. Let us kick over the traces, leave old paths and old moralities on a dash for a far country. Gather up your courage and come on! Yes, but look where that is leading some of us. Think of some of our friends drinking themselves to death like crazy fools. Think of the breakdown of American family life in this mad rush to keep up with the Joneses. Think of the intolerable corruption of our politics, so that only a week or two ago the Yale News wrote in an editorial that intelligent young men would not touch politics; it was too dirty for them. Think of the appalling collapse of integrity in great figures of industry whom the world has trusted.

My friends, what takes courage today is to arise and go back to old things worth returning to.

"What unto me is the multitude of your sacrifices? saith the Lord"; "I hate, I despise your feasts, and I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies. . . . But let justice roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream"—aye, old paths worth returning to!

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise"—

an old spiritual life worth returning to.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"; "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"; "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly"—a great Master worth returning to!

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more"; "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness"—a social devotion worth returning to!

When he began to be in want he came to himself.

PRAYER

Eternal God, our Father, in serious days keep us from living trivial lives. We pray Thee for two great gifts upon Thy people, wisdom and courage. O God of the nations, give us wisdom and courage. In the spirit of Christ. Amen.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on April 27, 1932.

The Flemish Stained Glass Windows

A Supplement to the Article in the July Monthly

The technique of several of the subject panels, the description of which appeared in the July Monthly, suggests the Antwerp School of Glasspainting; but, as there are no painter's signatures or marks visible, it is not possible to indicate the names of the artists with any certainty.

The glasspainters of this period very rarely appended a signature to their work, the record of their having painted certain windows being generally confined to written documents preserved in the archives belonging to the various Abbeys, Churches and Cathedrals concerned.

Amongst eighty known Flemish glasspainters of the period in question (1500-1550), the following eleven worked at Antwerp:

Jean Haecht, 1530-1550 and his pupil Joris Abrook; Pierre Coeck, 1530; Martin DeVos, 1550; Jacob Floris, alias de-Vriendt, 1551, brother of Francis Floris the "Flemish Raphael"; Henri Keldermans, 1530; Simon Van Daele, who had the young Marinus for a pupil, 1510; Aert Van Oort of Nijmegen, 1530; Josse Vereghen, 1530; Derreck Vellert, or Felart, and his pupil Hennik Doghens, 1540. All of these dates are approximate.

It is interesting to note in connection with the three panels painted from designs by Albert Durer* (Nos. 6, 14 and 15) that at least one of the above mentioned glasspainters was acquainted with the Master; Durer having visited Henri Keldermans at Malines in 1521 when the latter was living at the Auberge Tet d'Or in that town.

In the July Monthly no detailed mention was made of the medallions. The following descriptions of these interesting pieces of stained glass will be readily understood if the reader refers back to the diagram that accompanied the original article.

The medallions over the right hand panels (Nos. 22, 23, 24, 25) have been put in place to complete the present window and was not a part of the previous composition.

*These designs have been illustrated in several of the modern editions of Albert Durer's works.

17. Circular Medallion.

The prophet Abraham, facing left, issuing from gray clouds. He wears a red surcoat with white and yellow cape. On the rich blue background a scroll with an inscription in abbreviated Latin: *Fide. Abraha. Obedivit. I. Locv. Exire.*

18. Circular Medallion.

A seated prophet, in red robe and white hood lined with ermine. Rich blue background. On the left foil is the date, 1547. On the scroll, in abbreviated Latin: *Attenuabit. Dns. Deos. De. Terra.* Sopho. 11.

19. Circular Medallion.

A seated prophet, wearing a pink robe and white and yellow mantle and turban, facing left. Rich blue background. He holds with his right hand a white scroll bearing an inscription in abbreviated Latin: *I. Illa. Die. Disperga. Oia. Udoloru. De. Terra.* Cha. XIII.

20. Circular Medallion.

The Prophet Nehemiah, facing right, issuing from gray clouds. He wears a richly embroidered tunic of golden brown with purple cape. Blue background on which is a scroll with the words in abbreviated Latin: *Venite. Et. Edificem. Muros. Irrlm. Et. No. Sim. Opprobriu.* (Come let us build up the wall of Jerusalem that we be no more a reproach.") Nehemiah II, c. 17.

21. Circular Medallion.

The prophet Jeremiah, facing left, issuing from gray clouds, wearing a white and yellow surcoat and red hat with an ornament of pearls ("abraded" from the ruby glass). Blue background. This figure was damaged (possibly by a musket ball prior to the year 1809) and has been repaired. The scroll bears the abbreviated Latin inscription: *Cotera. Populu. Istu. Et. Civitate. Hanc. Oteritr. Vas Figuli.* Je. XIX.

A Summer Schedule in Africa

CATHERINE MABIE,

Missionary Representative of the Riverside Church, Writes from Kimpese

Dear Friends:

Our regular school year ended the first of June. Some very promising student families left us at that time. Two particularly able couples returned to Vanga after a three years' sojourn at Kimpese and should be of great usefulness in that large and responsive district. We have other good material here from Vanga and this year our newest station, Kikongo, is sending a couple of families. In May Mr. Moon left us for a much needed furlough and if reports are true is just now Fording it across country from Minneapolis to California with Mrs. Moon and their three children. Mr. and Mrs. Morrish are to go into residence in the Moon house upon their arrival and cleaning it and making it ready for them is my major task next week.

Almost immediately after the regular student body cleared off in June, Mr. Carpenter and I went to Leopoldville for a week's holiday. I had been up for Reference Committee in April, and by the way I just wish everyone of you could have listened in at the two whole sessions of our committee when we were trying to designate as effectively as possible the few returning and new missionaries available. It just wasn't possible to meet half our real needs with them. I know of no more heart searching, difficult nor moving hours in our Mission work than those prayerfully spent in trying to make the meager supply of missionaries "go round." There just never are enough of us.

We spent a couple of days at Sona Bata where Miss Satterberg is struggling on alone with a hospital and dispensary far beyond her strength in the absence of Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle on furlough. One afternoon we all went for a picnic some 38 kilometers distant from the station in the Ford truck to inspect a great dam construction which will within a few months furnish light and power for Texaf, a plant weaving cloth from Congo grown cotton, situated at Leopoldville. On our way back we stopped at a village where resides a Kimpese graduate of some years ago, with his wife and family. He himself has charge of several towns in that area and oversees the church and school work done therein. We had a service for the women before supper and one for all the townsfolk round a comfortable fire, for the night was cool. After supper we drove home under the starlight. I was happily impressed with the living conditions which this Kimpese family had developed in the town, being considerably superior to that prevailing in the ordinary native town. And how glad they were to see their old Kimpese teacher and doctor away out there in their own town and to tell their kinfolk many a tale of Kimpese days suggested by her visit. I hope to do much more visiting of Kimpese graduates in the setting of their district work as more and more roads open to make it possible to go farther afield with my Ford car. Mr. Moon is hoping upon his return to do such visiting which would be very helpful and stimulating to those men and women who have left us to work out in the native towns what we have tried to show and teach them here of the ways of the Lord.

After but a very brief respite following the close of our regular session, one hun-

dred village preachers and teachers and a crowd of children came pouring into Kimpese to register for a two months' Summer School course. This is an innovation and has augmented our work and responsibility greatly this year. There were but four missionaries to staff this Summer School, as no outside help was available. We threw our best selves into it. Morning prayers were held at 6 a. m. An hour and a half of drill followed after which there were forty-five minutes for breakfast, followed by three hours of classroom work. These men had none of them had much training and were woefully deficient in any sort of mental equipment necessary to count them as bona fide teachers. The after breakfast hours were spent in Old and New Testament study, physiology and hygiene with an hour a day devoted to various other matters germane to the furnishing of their minds for their chosen work. Afternoons the men all worked at road making, gathering and using thatch grass, clearing land for manioc gardens, etc., thus earning food money. The women were indeed a mixed lot. Many of them came without the little nurse or child required of our regular students to keep the babies out of the classroom, so we had to endure a good deal of interruption from the babies and young children who clung to their mothers in school as well as out. Another year nurses will be brought and this difficulty need not to be contended with. Two of these wives had been in station boarding schools before their marriage and could do as effective work as the average man. A half dozen others could pick out words and got to read sentences haltingly during their two months here. As for the rest they made but little progress in the three Rs. However they evinced great interest in the talks we had together concerning babies, their prenatal life and body building, the mother's need of attention during that period, the care of mother and child following birth and much concerning personal and village hygiene never dreamed of before they heard of it while here. Bible stories they told back to us.

The attitude of the Congo woman is quite different from that of twenty years ago. Now she is beginning to desire to know how to read and write and sew, and do many other things which she then considered suitable only for a man's ambition.

The new airy and commodious Women's Building we greatly enjoy using. Its three rooms all open onto the beautiful arched cloisters which connect it with the men's building, Bain Memorial, and which in the not distant future we hope may also connect it with a third block of classrooms completing the rectangle. The large center room of the Women's Building is almost entirely open.

In a large basement room we have shower bath arrangements for the women and I very much want some simple uniform which the women can slip into after a shower before coming into the classrooms. With so few clothes as most of them have and much garden and kitchen work, we find it very difficult to get them all coming to school in presentable clothes reasonably clean. The children all work two to three hours about the place for their clothes which we have made for them and a dress or suit is always reserved for Sunday and schoolroom wear. Superintending the making of dresses for the girls will be my task in a couple of weeks, some thirty or forty of them.

Sincerely,

CATHERINE MABIE

Interludes

OUR church fathers had trouble with them in 1844. The following paragraphs taken from the history of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, written for the New York Baptist Association by Thomas Armitage in 1874, will furnish good summer-time reading for choir singers and members of the church who are particularly interested in music. "Fifth Avenue Baptist Church" is the name which our church carried for a period of some sixty years when it was located at Fifth Avenue and 46th Street. We are unable to make out just what was meant by the "brass band" which the following paragraph refers to as having been added by the choir. In any case, it is perfectly apparent that the innovation was distinctly disapproved by the congregation and the trustees.

"Our fathers had a great deal of trouble on the question of their church music; it kept them in a state of excitement from May, 1844, to October, 1847, during which time there are on the minutes almost all sorts of resolutions disposing and re-disposing of the subject, some of which look queer enough on a church record in our day. For example:

"May 1, 1844.—A resolution from the 'choir,' solemnly informs the church 'that they had resigned.' Dec. 24, 1844, there came up in church-meeting a question touching 'the propriety of procuring an organ to assist the singing, and improve that part of public worship.' Whereupon the church gave permission to 'have one put up for three months, for the purpose of ascertaining during that time what the views of the members are respecting it.' In May, 1845, the church resolved, 'that we retain the organ.' Then several months were consumed in determining who the organist should be, how he should play the instrument, and what his remuneration should be. These things being determined, the choir added what some called 'our brass band' to the organ, therefore it was resolved, March 11, 1846, 'that our Trustees, in requesting the choir to perform their services in the church with fewer instruments, and to sing more old tunes and less new ones, that the church could unite with them in this part of devotion, did not overstep the bounds of their office.' After the riotous instruments had all been banished save the organ, on Sept. 22, 1847, the church 'Resolved, That the interlude on the organ be dispensed with in our services on the Sabbath.' This interlude business caused a good deal of excitement and ill feeling, but it was finally settled at the next church meeting, Oct. 27, 1847, of which meeting, the record says, that a communication from Mr. R—'led to considerable discussion about the course pursued by the organist for the last three or four weeks, in respect to the interlude, and the following resolution was passed: Resolved, That we consider that he has complied with the resolution. On motion it was Resolved, that we reconsider the vote taken at last church-meeting in relation to the interlude. Also, 'Resolved, That the resolution passed at last church-meeting on that subject be rescinded. Also, Resolved, that the church appoint a committee to instruct the chorister and organist to dispense with all interludes in our Sabbath services, except the last strain of the music. Resolved, That the Trustees be that Committee.' "

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Published by the Committee on Publications
of the Riverside Church
122d Street and Riverside Drive, New York City

Vol. 6 *August,* 1932 *No.* 10

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATIONS

EUGENE C. CARDER - - - - - - - - - - *Chairman*
HARRY P. FISH - - - - - - - - - - - - *Treasurer*
GEORGE J. HEIDT - - - - - - - *Business Manager*
MISS MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH
HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

▽

MINISTERS

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
EUGENE C. CARDER
C. IVAR HELLSTROM

▽

OFFICERS

EDWARD L. BALLARD,
President, Board of Trustees
ALBERT L. SCOTT - - - - - - - - - *Vice-President*
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, 3RD,
Secretary, Board of Trustees
HARRY P. FISH, *Secretary, Board of Deacons*
CHESTER H. STEVENS, *Chairman, Board of Ushers*
WILLIAM F. TURNBULL - - - - - *Church Clerk*
JAMES M. PRATT - - - - - - - *Church Treasurer*
GEORGE J. HEIDT - - - - - - *Business Manager*

▽

STAFF

MRS. MONTAGUE HOWARD,
MISS MYRA VANCE,
Assistants to the Ministers
MRS. KATHERINE WILLARD EDDY,
Executive Secretary, Women's Bible Class
CECIL E. KITE, *Executive Secretary, Men's Class*
HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN - - - - - - - *Organist*
KAMIEL LEFÉVERE - - - - - - - - - *Carillonneur*
MISS SARAH PETTIT - - - - - - *House Manager*

The Summer Tourist

It was said of New Hampshire for many years that its most profitable crop was its annual influx of summer boarders. However unfair that remark may have been to the basic industries and the well-established life of the Granite State, it nevertheless had enough truth in it to make it readily appreciated. In New York City we have reason to hold the summer visitors in high regard, both because of what they do for us from the social and human point of view by their presence in our midst and by the very considerable contribution they make to the trade and commerce of a great business center such as New York. The hotels and transportation lines would miss them sadly, as is plain enough from the effect that is being registered this summer because of the sharp falling off in their numbers.

The churches of the city would find July, August and September very barren, as to congregations, were it not for the travelers. In the Riverside Church, the Summer School session brings a congregation to our doors for six weeks which taxes our facilities to the utmost. Now the summer students are gone and we find the tourists and visitors making up the major portion of our Sunday attendance. For the next six weeks we will be looking into the faces each Sunday of fifteen hundred or two thousand people who for the most part have never been here before and may not be again. We welcome them cordially and are hopeful that they may realize our disposition to be to them all that it is possible for a church to be upon such short acquaintance. We are frank to admit our indebtedness to the tourists for their interest in our work. They are an understanding, appreciative, and friendly company whom we delight to welcome to our church home.